

America Vesputi.—The February number of the Democratic Review, gives the following history of this matter:

"After spending, like most of the young Italian ladies of rank, fourteen years of her youth in a convent, for her education, (the convent of *Le Signora della Quiesce*, in the environs of Florence) she was introduced into the midst of the brilliant society of the capital and court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at the age of seventeen. She was placed by her parents in the service of the Grand Duchess, as a *'demoiselle de compagnie'* or maid of honor. There she was, of course, surrounded with all the seductive influences of European aristocratic life, in the midst of the splendors and luxuries of the Pitti Palace. Her mind had, however, already, by its own self derived impulses, as it would seem, for it was certainly at variance with all the natural bias of such an education and such a position—taken a decided stand in the movement of liberal ideas, which is the leading characteristic of the age, and which in no country has exercised a stronger influence upon the minds of ardent youth, than in Italy. Possessed of rare natural talents, highly accomplished by reading and cultivation, with remarkable force of character, vivacity of imagination, and energy of will, it will not be a subject of surprise, that during the agitations that were fermenting in the north of Italy, immediately after the French revolution, she was one of the few females whose social position and personal qualities gained them admission to the secret societies which were conspiring to rid Italy of the domination of a foreign despotism, and to unite the whole of that beautiful and unhappy land under a single sovereign, which might again restore it to a rank amidst the family of nations. But we are not aware of any others whose ardor carried them beyond the private machinations of conspiracy, to the actual field of battle and blood.

"In the attempted rising of August, 1832, and in the engagement with the Austrians on the banks of the *Rimini*, in which it will be remembered that young Louis Bonaparte took part, she conducted herself with great gallantry, and received a severe sabre stroke on the head, from an Austrian dragoon, (to whom, however, the justice ought to be done to state that he did not know her to be a woman), and in her fall to the ground, her right arm was broken by the weight of her horse falling upon it. Though suspected, her disguised participation in this affair could not be proved, and after her recovery from her wounds, she spent two years at her father's house in Florence, though under a vigilant surveillance. This resulted in the interception of a letter to her, as Secretary of one of the Society of *'La Jeune Italie'*, which made it apparent that she could disclose its entire organization in Tuscany. She was accordingly required either to betray her associates, or to quit Florence within twenty-four hours. Her choice between these two alternatives, needs not to be stated. She found a present asylum under the Queen of the French; and it is under the auspices of the French flag, and the highest guarantees of the genuineness of her title to American sympathy and friendship in all points of view, of character, conduct, family and position, that she is now here, as the country to which she has always looked as her natural home of refuge and protection."

Extract of a letter to the N. Y. Express, dated CHULIOTAH, (Fla.) 12th Feb. 1839.

"I passed a lively day with the officers, (at camp Econfeeny,) and learned from them the facts of a story which has caused much merriment here, and perhaps extend to the North. Upon the facts, as I here relate them, you may imagine how many excellent stories could be made.

Some time since, Lieutenant Lovell, (a worthy, gentlemanly fellow he is,) with a strong party, set out to scour the country down the Econfeeny River, in a southwesterly direction, about 25 miles from his station. The particular location was some bottom lands belonging to the estate of Mr. Nuttall, deceased, which as evidence that the title has not also departed from the family, are known as Mrs. Nuttall's bottom. In this bottom or its neighborhood, an Indian was heard chopping, and to secure such a valuable prize the troops took distances to surround him, but somehow the Indian escaped through the interstices of the distance—being aided furthermore by the trigger of a certain rifle which, by some mystery, refused its accustomed duty just at the moment when the guide, Old Taylor, had settled his aim.—Frustrated in this attempt, the party proceeded till they surprised an Indian camp, from which the occupants had retreated so hurriedly that they left behind all their baggage, including a kettle full of boiling brier roots nearly cooked for supper. Having passed the night at this camp, Lieut. Lovell set out in the morning to scour the woods, leaving all the knapsacks and provisions in charge of twelve men, left as guard at the resting place. The Indians, probably very few in number, were in all likelihood laying in watch all the time, for no sooner did the Lt. and his party go out to look for Indians, than the Indians looked in to examine his camp. Whether they were three hundred or only three, nobody stopped to count, but upon the first shot the twelve valiant guards abandoning their position, took refuge in the neighboring bushes, and like conscientious guards of the ammunition of the Republic, omitted the useless ceremony of firing their muskets. That the enemy fired appeared evident, for one of the soldiers discovered a hole through his leg. The Indians now in peaceful possession, found themselves amply repaid for the loss of the previous evening, —the provisions of a whole company was in particular, a handsome return for a kettle full of brier roots—and packing up their prize, they made off with the whole.

Presently the Lieutenant, finding no Indians, returns to his camp, and discovering no vestige of guard or baggage, naturally concluded that all had been devoured, but seeing no bones he bethought himself of shouting and firing signal guns, the combined influence of which in due course of time drew forth from their safe retreat eleven of his prudent soldiers. The twelfth it afterwards appeared, never stopped running till he overtook another attachment of troops, to whom he communicated the mournful intelligence, that Lieut. Lovell with his entire company had been massacred by the Indians, except himself, lucky man, who had escaped like the messenger of Job, to tell the news. There could not have been many Indians, for in following up the trail, a number of knapsacks were found abandoned, and therefore were recaptured without danger.

The Florida War.—This wretched, miserable War against the remnant of Florida Indians is continued without any object or result, but the butchery of white inhabitants and the sacrifice of gallant spirits. Florida is actually drinking up the best blood of our country. To-day's mail brings intelligence of the death of two more officers, viz. Mr.

Noel and Capt. Russell, of the 2d Infantry. Capt. R. was descending a river on his way to Fort Dallas, when he received three rifle balls from a party of Indians concealed on shore, and died immediately.

THE FLORIDA WAR—ITS COST AND ITS RESULTS.—The picture of the war is thus drawn by Senator Benton in his speech on the bill—which was lost in the House—for the establishment of a sort of Military Colonies in Florida.—*N. Y. American.*

"Troops have been tried, and have failed in accomplishing the object. Every species of troops have been tried—regulars, militia and volunteers, horse and foot. They have made campaigns and fought battles for three years, and have done all that men could do under such circumstances, and have suffered more than men ought to be required to suffer in such a war; and all without accomplishing the object. Three years have been consumed in military operations—and at what cost and with what results? At the cost, in money, of nearly twenty millions of dollars—in lives, of nearly forty officers, killed or died of wounds, or of the climate; of many wounded; of near four hundred soldiers killed and wounded of the regular army; besides heavy losses among the militia and volunteers. This is the cost! and what are the results? The results are, four or five counties of Florida depopulated—the Indians ravaging the country from Cape Sable to the Okefenokee swamp—the frontiers of Georgia attacked—depredations carried to suburbs of St. Augustine and Tallahassee—the light-house at Florida Point—burnt and destroyed—shipwrecked mariners on the coast of Florida massacred—and all cultivation suspended over a large district of country, part of which was settled and cultivated under the dominion of Spain, when Florida was a province of that kingdom. These are the results, after three years of military operations—after this great cost in money and in lives."

A dreadful accident—sixty-three lives lost.—On Sunday night last, an explosion took place in Heth's pit, a coal mine situated about twelve miles from Richmond, in the county of Chesterfield, by which it is said that 63 negroes have been killed or buried alive. The shaft is 600 feet deep—deeper probably, than any other in the United States—and as the falling in of the earth has been considerable, there is no probability that any of the persons below, if now alive, can be extricated. —*Penn. Inq.*

The legislature of Pennsylvania—or at least one branch of it—has been engaged for some time in the consideration of a memorial from Mr. Espy, of Philadelphia—the same gentleman whose petition to Congress for a patent will be remembered by our readers. Mr. Espy asked for an appropriation to authorize him to make experiment, with a view to show that he can cause it to rain when he pleases. The committee on the subject on Wednesday last reported a resolution authorizing him to make the necessary experiments to test the truth and utility of his theory, and if he shall succeed in causing it to rain in a time of drought, when it would not have rain without his agency, he shall receive the following compensation out of the treasury of the commonwealth, from monies not otherwise appropriated, to wit: A sum equal to the expenses of making the experiment, if he shall cause it to rain over a territory of one thousand square miles; the sum of \$25,000 if he shall cause it to rain copiously over a territory of 5000 square miles; and the sum of \$50,000 if he shall cause it to rain copiously over a territory of 10,000 square miles, or in such quantities as shall cause the Ohio river to overflow during the summer from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi river; the larger sum in each case to exclude the smaller; and the governor is authorized and required to appoint 3 impartial and competent persons to witness and judge of the said experiments, who shall, at the time and places appointed by the said James P. Espy, attend for that purpose, and upon such experiments being fully made and completed, the said person shall certify to the Governor the result thereof, and if the same shall be successful, the Governor shall draw his warrant on the treasurer of the commonwealth, in favor of the said James P. Espy, for such of the said sums as he shall be entitled to under the resolution.—*Baltimore Chron.*

Cincinnati, (Ohio,) March 16.
Melancholy Casualty.—A small boy, the son of Mrs. Winship, living on Walnut-street, was yesterday killed by a leopard belonging to the menagerie which has remained in this city during the past winter. It seems that the lad ventured too near the cage in which the animal was confined, escaping the vigilance of the keepers, who were apprised of the accident by hearing his cries. The leopard, finding the boy within his reach, with a single stroke of the paw severed the jugular vein, causing his death in the space of ten minutes. The occurrence, it is probable, originated wholly in the boy's own carelessness.—*Republican.*

Did not catch 'em.—We copy the following from the *Central and Gazette*.
"We received through the Post-Office, last evening, a letter containing a notice of a marriage, and a one dollar bill of the Dedham Bank to defray the expense of inserting it. We have ascertained that the money is good, but the marriage spurious. The dollar will be expended for oysters, and the second dollar who has attempted to impose upon us a fictitious marriage will remember the old adage—'a fool and his money are soon parted.'"

GOVERNOR FINLEY, of the Mississippi Colony, Liberia, is dead. He was attacked and murdered about two miles below the settlement at Bassa Cove, on his way from Greenville to Monrovia. It was supposed that one of the natives, who believed that he had money, instigated the atrocity.—*N. Y. Express.*

A DUEL.—We learn through the Nashville Whig from the *Somerville and La Grange papers*, that a duel was fought near Moscow, Fayette co., Tenn. a few days previous to the 8th inst., between Alex. J. Donaldson, (the adopted son of Gen. Jackson,) and Henry Robeson; both were slightly wounded. A second meeting was talked of the next day, but the officers of justice probably defeated it.

It appears that Gurdon D. Boyd, the great sub-treasurer and thief of Mississippi, is a loco loco stump orator. In a public harangue the other day he exclaimed at the top of his lungs—"No man in the nation is more indebted to the people than I am." "Except Swartwout," retorted a by-stander; "he owes a million and a quarter, while you owe only seventy thousand."—*Louisville Journal.*

JUDGE WILKINSON and Mr. MURDACH ACQUITTED.—We learn from the *Louisville Journal*, that the trial of these gentlemen ended in their acquittal. They were indicted as principals in an affray which took place at the Galt House, in Louisville, and which resulted in the death of one or more persons.

MORE LIGHT.
We thank the Express for throwing very important and what may be considered new light on the Boundary Question, which, to a certain extent, may be deemed conclusive.—We intimated a few days ago that public opinion universally conceded to Maine the territory in dispute as secured to us by the treaty of 1783, and hence the great unanimity in sustaining that State in her warlike movements. But we suggested the propriety of ascertaining whether Great Britain, on this question, might not possibly have had some right on her side; and whether the boundary line of 1783 was so perfectly defined as to place beyond doubt the whole of the disputed territory within our limits. As far back as 1803, thirty-six years ago, President Jefferson, in his Message to Congress, refers to the subject in the following conclusive language:

"A further knowledge of the ground in the northeastern and northwestern angles of the United States, has evinced that the boundaries established by the treaty of Paris, between the British territories and ours in those parts, were too imperfectly described to be susceptible of execution. It has therefore been thought worthy of attention for preserving and cherishing the harmony and useful intercourse subsisting between the two nations, to remove by timely arrangements, what unfavorable incidents might otherwise render a ground of future misunderstanding. A convention has therefore been entered into, which provides for a practical demarcation of those limits, to the satisfaction of both parties."

Here are two very important points bearing decidedly and distinctly on the question at issue. Mr. Jefferson, one of the most accurate and methodical statesmen known in this country, admits in his message to Congress, that the boundary lines under the treaty of 1783 "could not be executed," and recommends a new commission to settle the question, as he says, "to the satisfaction of both parties," which has not been done at this day. We do not hesitate saying that this places the matter in an entirely new light. Not only did the opinion of Mr. Jefferson remain uncontradicted, but nothing up to this moment has been done to carry into effect the boundary treaty of 1783. Can it be supposed for a moment that Great Britain would put forth a claim and steadily adhere to it for nearly fifty years, unless that government was under the conviction that it had justice and equity on its side? The Editor of the Express, who is from Maine and a strong advocate of the rights of that State, very frankly puts forth the following:

"Whatever excitement of feeling, therefore, this controversy may give rise to, either on the border most intimately concerned in it, or in the country at large, justice requires us to acknowledge that the fact of its not having been adjusted thirty-five years ago, is not chargeable to the British Government, but to our own. Whether we ever shall get, peaceably, as favorable terms again, as were offered to us in 1803, cannot now be known. But if the British Government shall be willing to adopt Mr. King's Convention again, we think the Government of this country will do wisely to agree with them at once, and close all future dispute on this irritating subject."

The Legislature of Maine has probably adjourned in a better spirit than the one in which it met, and we deem it advisable to place the public in possession of all the facts prior to the arrival of the Great Western. If we are not mistaken in our impressions, we shall find that England will take strong ground in contradiction to the views so unanimously adopted by Congress; and we must be prepared, instead of declaring, as we have done, that England is wrong and we are right, to come to Mr. Jefferson's conclusion, viz: that the Boundary Line under the treaty of 1783, was "too imperfectly described to be susceptible of execution, and consequently that commissioners from both countries must repair to the spot and run the Boundary Line again.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Aroostook Mountains.—Dr. Jackson, the Geologist of Maine, gives an interesting account of his examinations of the mountainous region of the disputed territory, near the Penobscot Forks, which gives a graphic feature to that part of the country, and makes it one of the most sublime and imposing formations. *Mount Katahdin* (we shall not attempt to pronounce the word as spelled—KTAEDN—leaving that to the Poles) is a lofty, precipitous cone of pure granite, whose treeless summit, having no vegetable growth but a few bushes of the mountain cranberry and spicy blueberries, was attained with great labor, by clambering up almost perpendicular crags. It was ascertained to be 5,300 feet elevation, the highest in Maine. What is remarkable, is that in this granite formation was found diluvial limestone, with shell impressions, showing the sea had been there; and in the same region limestone with *scoriaceous* trap melted and imbedded into its seams in an elegant manner, showing, also, that volcanic action had been at work. From one high mountain, the Sugar Loaf Cone, he saw around him no less than fifty lofty peaks, and seventeen mountain lakes, cascades of 200 feet fall, &c.—Why, this Aroostook country must hereafter be called the Alpine Regions of Maine.

ANOTHER SUB-TREASURER GONE.—John Fulton, Post Master at Upper Red Hook, was detected last week in purloining from the mail bag, a letter containing money. It was known that money had been taken from the mail during the winter, at some office between Hudson and Poughkeepsie, and an agent from the General Post Office was put on the alert to ferret out the delinquent, who caught the chap on this wise—he put in the mail bag at the Hudson Office, a letter containing a small sum of money; and immediately on leaving each intervening office he examined the bag, and found all right until the mail left Upper Red Hook, when the letter was missing.

Fulton was immediately arrested, and on giving bonds for \$1000, for his appearance to answer the charge, was set at liberty.—Whether he is already on his way to Texas, or some other asylum for the oppressed, we have not learned.—*Hudson Rep.*

A FEE LER.—A surgeon and a lawyer had very little good feeling towards each other, and the following occurrence took place: "If," asked the surgeon, "a neighbor's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, your dog, last night, destroyed two of my ducks." "Indeed! Then you certainly can recover the damages; what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it." "Four shillings and six pence," chuckled the surgeon. "And my fee for attending and advising you is 6s. 6d.," responded the attorney, "and unless you immediately pay the same, my conduct will be suitable."

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.
An American Consul Murdered under Sanction of Mexican Authorities.—We have seen a letter addressed to one of our most respectable commercial houses of this city, from the

From the New-Haven Daily Herald, March 22.

Steam Boat Burnt.—The noble steamer *New-York*, lying at our steamboat wharf, took fire this morning about 3 o'clock, and was burnt to such an extent that it will take much time and expense to repair her. The fire, it is supposed, began in the fire-room, and had obtained such headway that it broke out in a large flame before it was discovered. The engines were on the spot, and did their duty manfully, when it was so filled with water, that she was removed from her berth on to shoal ground, to save her from sinking.—When the fire was subdued she was half full of water, and the fire engines have since been employed in pumping her out. Her cabin and upper works are nearly destroyed, the engine damaged considerably, but the main part of the hull is not injured. The loss is estimated to be \$30,000. No insurance.

The New-York is one of the finest packet boats in this, or perhaps any other country, being 220 feet in length, fitted up in a superior manner, and cost upwards of \$50,000. The fire was the result of carelessness, the watchman usually on deck not being at his post.

The Vitriol Case.—In the case of Washington L. Townsend, [says the N. Y. Era, of March 12] indicted for maiming John Reese, by throwing vitriol in his face several weeks since, the accused has been acquitted by the Court of Sessions. The case excited great interest throughout the city, and occupied the attention of the Court upwards of a week. Much sympathy has been manifested in behalf of Mr. Reese, who has suffered severe personal injury by the assault which was attributed to Townsend, yet the jury decided that he was not guilty, after a tedious and patient hearing of all the facts. We copy the following from the Evening Star of yesterday:

"The Jury acquitted Townsend of throwing vitriol in the face of Mr. Reese, after several days close investigation. There never was a stronger circumstantial testimony against any accused than the present. His quarrel with Reese—his threats—the purchase of vitriol very nearly brought home to him—the stains or burns on his pantaloons and shirt all tending to prove that he was the man. The case was admirably conducted throughout; the District Attorney evincing more than usual ability and eloquence, and the defence was able, bold and decided. Mr. Jordan spoke for several hours in behalf of the accused, and John A. Morrell, associate counsel, distinguished himself as one of the best and most ingenious of our criminal lawyers; and this ingenuity no doubt acquitted Townsend. It was an atrocious case.

N. Y. POLICE OFFICE.—Love and Larceny.—A grave complaint, which had rather a ludicrous denouement, was made yesterday at the Police Office by a Mr. Paul Ware, who keeps a dry good store in John street. Mr. Ware is a sage looking gentleman, some fifty years old, and the person he complained of is a blooming young lady, named Catharine B. Skinner, about five and twenty. The young woman it appeared, had been for some time in Mr. Ware's employment, and according to his story, had robbed him of sundry pieces of silks, satins and other articles too numerous to mention, amounting in all to the sum of \$465, which articles, or a great part of them, were found at the lady's lodgings. In reply to so serious a charge, the lady alleged, that, in the first place, the property found with her was her own, and formed the balance of a stock of goods remaining since she had been doing business on her account, and secondly, the lady alleged that Mr. Ware's complaint was occasioned not by her larceny, but his love, which unfortunately, she was unable to return, notwithstanding his being such a good looking man of his years, and so well calculated to make a steady, sober, well behaved husband. In proof of the gentleman's amorous intentions towards her, the lady produced several love letters from him, in which he vowed the most ardent attachment for her, and painted in vivid colors all the happiness that awaited her on becoming Mrs. Ware. Some of the letters were in verse; and some in prose, and contained such extraordinary similes, metaphors and metre, that it may be very safely said neither Anacreon or Sappho ever wrote any thing like them, nor probably could write any thing like them, had they even lived to the age of Mr. Ware himself.

Justice Hopson read the love letters with considerable attention, and they had such a mollifying effect on him that he could not bear to put so angelic a being as they represented the lady to be, into prison, and he therefore discharged her on her own recognition.—*Journal of Com.*

The Oak the Emblem of our Country.—Our country may be likened to the oak—the three great business classes to the roots, branches and leaves, and the strong tough trunk, to society in mass. Agriculture may be compared to the roots, which provide food and the elements of wealth; manufactures to the leaves, which elaborate, and convert to useful purposes the materials furnished by the roots—and commerce, to the branches, or channel of intercourse between the roots and the leaves. Without the branches, the roots and leaves are deprived of their reciprocal aids. Without the leaves, growth must cease. Without the roots, leaves, branches and trunk must perish. The root can send forth a stem, branches and leaves; but neither the stem nor branches, nor leaves can ordinarily, either separately or conjunctively, produce new roots. All are, primarily, nourished from the soil, and all being in healthful condition form a whole, which can, like the oak, buffet the storm, be it the local thunder-gust, or the more formidable foreign north-easter. Let us, therefore, cherish and protect all—and let us specially nurture the root, as the primary source of life, growth and usefulness, to the stem, branches and leaves. To carry out the comparison we will liken the acorns to the "leaves and fishes" of office, and the moss, which feeds upon the oak, to the parasitic drones who live upon society.

A letter dated at Little Rock, Arkansas, gives the following account of the way in which fellows despatch each other in that State. "Every body here goes armed; and they have very little compunction of conscience about shooting each other. At Montgomery's Point, about 100 miles below this, I saw a great rascal shot. His name was Garrison. He was a celebrated robber and murderer, and boasted of having killed a hundred men. He was standing on the wharf when the steamboat arrived, and said something to a gentleman who came in her. The gentleman out pistol, shot him through the neck, and broke it, and that was the end of Mr. Garrison.—*Louisville Journal.*

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.
An American Consul Murdered under Sanction of Mexican Authorities.—We have seen a letter addressed to one of our most respectable commercial houses of this city, from the

coast of Mexico, from undoubted authority, which states that Mr. Langdon, the American Consul for Laguna De Terminas, died a few days previous, from blows received from a negro at Laguna, (under sanction of one of their Justices) and after being most cruelly treated, he was sent to a dungeon, where he remained three nights with condemned criminals, from whence he succeeded in escaping with his lady to a small village between that and Campeachy, where he died of his wounds. His lady had gone up to Campeachy, and an order from the old Judge had followed, to bring her back to Laguna, to answer the charges against her husband.

New Orleans Courier.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

March 30, 1 o'clock, A. M.
UNITED STATES BANK—RESIGNATION OF MR. BIDDLE.—The late hour at which the following letter reached us, forbade extended remarks on this important movement, this morning. Mr. Biddle needs no eulogy. The history of the United States during the last fifteen years cannot be faithfully written, without giving Mr. Biddle a place in it, as honorable to himself as his whole life has been eminently useful to his country. Within the last week we heard an eminent broker of this city say—one who has ever been a friend and supporter of Gen. Jackson and an opponent of the United States Bank—that Mr. Biddle's course in regard to our great staple, Cotton, during the last eighteen months, had saved not less than TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS to the country; and that this alone, had enabled the Banks to resume specie payments.

Correspondence of the Courier & Enquirer.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 29, }

5 o'clock, P. M. }

The great topic of conversation to-day, and that which has arrested almost all the current of thought, whether of business or pleasure, war or peace, has been the resignation of Nicholas Biddle as President of the Bank of the United States. The circumstance was wholly unexpected. None but the directors, and perhaps not all of them, knew of the intention of Mr. B. until it was announced; and the rumor was met on exchange at first with a denial, at length with doubt—and when it was confirmed, with another rumor, that Mr. B. was to be immediately called to fill the office of Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—a proof at once of the discernment of the people, and the merits of Mr. Biddle. What the foundation of this rumor may be, I pretend not to know.

Yesterday when the Board of Directors had assembled, and the business of the morning had been transacted, Mr. Biddle rose, and in a speech replete with touching eloquence, announced his intention of withdrawing from the concerns of the Bank, which he had aided in directing for twenty years, the last sixteen of which he had been President. He alluded to the trying scenes which they had witnessed and the support which he had received from the exertions and confidence of the Directors, and then resigned his place as a Director. This of course vacated the Presidency. Mr. Manuel Eyre was then called to the Chair, and proper action was had upon the movement of Mr. Biddle, though little was said. There was too much feeling for that. I will, if possible, procure for you the correspondence.

The Board then elected Mr. Thomas Dunlap, who resigned the office of Cashier, a Director in the place of Mr. Biddle, and then unanimously elected President of the United States Bank.

Mr. Dunlap has been for some time one of the Cashiers of the Institution, and conducted the business of foreign exchange—is a gentleman having the full confidence of the community, and the affectionate respect of all who "new him, and whatever of popularity may be conceded to the distinguished individual who has just retired from the onerous duties of President, we believe all agree that he could not have left the U. S. Bank in better hands than it now is. I allude not merely to the new President, but to the estimable officer by whom he is assisted.

The cashiership vacated by Mr. Dunlap is not yet filled, and of course great pains will be taken to supply it efficiently.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Important Intelligence.—By the Dromo, Capt. How, arrived yesterday from Havana, we have received a file of the *Diario de la Habana* to the 18th inst. From the paper of that date, we translate the following important news:

"By letters from Vera Cruz of the 10th March, we learn that a treaty has been concluded between Don Edward de Gorostiza and General Victor'a on the part of Mexico, and Admiral Baudin on the part of France, the British Minister, Mr. Packenham, acting as mediator, of the following tenor:

1st. There shall be an armistice of fifteen days.

2nd. The Mexicans shall pay 600,000 dollars in periods of 2, 4, and 6 months.

3rd. Indemnification for the expenses of the war and to the expelled Frenchmen shall be finally settled by a nation in friendship with the two contracting parties.

4th. The Castle of S. J. Ulloa shall be delivered up to the Mexicans as soon as it shall be known that the treaty has been ratified by Congress.

The same letters say that there was no doubt the treaty would be immediately ratified. M. Gorostiza had set off for the city of Mexico to remove any difficulties that might present themselves. In the meantime the discharge of all classes and nations was allowed. Vera Cruz will again receive within her walls the persons who have emigrated and the 11th will open to the merchants their former places of business."

The above intelligence is confirmed by Capt. How, who states that the British frigate *Medea*, Commodore Douglass, and British sloop of war *Race Horse* had arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz with letters to the above effect, and would proceed immediately to England.

From the Albany Evening Journal, March 18.

PROSCRIPTION! INGRATITUDE!!

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, our excellent and respected Post Master, has received a letter from Anne Kendall, announcing that he has been "instructed by the President of the United States to say that in his judgment the public interests will be promoted by a change of Post-Master at Albany," and that such change will be made at the close of the present quarter!

Solomon Van Rensselaer, was a devoted and gallant soldier. He fought bravely through two wars—He has with equal honor and fidelity, discharged his duties as Post Master. Never was the public better accommodated. Never was a public officer more universally respected. And yet the old Veteran is instructed and the whole city outraged by the false canting pretence, that the "public interests will be promoted" by his removal! The removal is base—but the pretence for doing it is villainous.

Another Whig Victory.—We learn by the Chicago Democrat that at the late charter election in that city the Whigs have triumphed, having succeeded in electing their candidate for Mayor and one half of the Aldermen. The average Van Buren majority in Chicago last August was 439 votes. This is a reaction worth mentioning.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*